GEOGRAPHIC SCHOOL BULLETINS

OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY, WASHINGTON 6, D.C.

APRIL 4, 1955 VOL. XXXIII, NO. 25

Three Virginia Towns Span Colonial Era

Bleak Ascension Faces Rocket-Powered Future

Border Patrols Make Way for Easter

Antarctic Ice Ends Epic of Little America

Oxford Ends Town-Versus-Gown Feud

BECAUSE OF EASTER VACATION, THERE WILL BE NO BULLETINS ON APRIL 11. NEXT ISSUE WILL BE APRIL 18.

In Modern Williamsburg a Pair of Glossy Bays Rounds the Drive at the Governor's Palace, Making Colonial Ghosts Feel Right at Home

289 NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER B. ANTHONY STEWART

Lord Delaware arrived with 150 new colonists and a year's supply of provisions. They built more houses, and several churches in succession—flimsy wooden structures which were finally replaced with one of brick whose tower stands to this day. They set out mulberry trees, planning to establish a silk industry. The worms died, though gnarled and twisted descendants of some trees remain.

The year 1619 was memorable for the meeting of America's first legislative assembly, the first use of slaves—stolen as spoils of war from Spanish plantations in the West Indies—and the arrival of English girls to become wives to the colonists.

But repeated disasters and tyrannical governors discouraged the pioneers. When a great fire destroyed Jamestown in 1698, its inhabitants moved to Middle Plantation, seven miles inland on a ridge "most safe from foreign shipping, any place on the River Side being liable to the Battery of their greatt Gunns." There a few cabins stood beside the six-year-old College of William and Mary. Within a year the settlement changed its name to Williamsburg.

Jamestown was left to the weeds and tangling vines, and river tides which cut it off from the mainland. Soon only an island remained, with the ruins of the old brick church, the graveyard, a few foundation stones.

Young Williamsburg, Virginia's new capital, was the first incorporated city in America. It developed along wide streets between fine public buildings. Dignified brick and charming frame houses rose amid gardens fragrant with hedges of boxwood and shady trees. Normally home of about 1,500 people, its population doubled and tripled when statesmen and planters brought their families and retainers from stately country homes for sessions of legislature and courts.

In Williamsburg's capitol building Patrick Henry delivered his famous speech on the Stamp Act. At the 1776 convention the Virginia delegates to the Continental Congress received instructions to vote for freedom from England, and in the old capitol were born Virginia's Bill of Rights and constitution, both virtual models for later Federal documents.

Educated at William and Mary (America's second college and first to develop into a university) were Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, John Tyler, and John Marshall.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER WILLARD R. CULVER

Captain John Smith, the man who wouldn't say die, kept Jamestown alive through the first bitter winters by his courage and leadership. His statue overlooks the James River from a point where he often stood.

UMI

Three Virginia Towns Span Colonial Era

Virginia's triple-decker colonial attraction — Jamestown, Williamsburg, and Yorktown— no strangers to celebrations, plan the biggest anniversary of all when Jamestown will be 350 years old.

Barely two years remain to prepare fitting commemoration of Jamestown's founding on May 13, 1607. Then visitors will recapture a little of the life of the first successful English colony in America. They will relive the struggle that led to the establishment of Williamsburg, the gracious capital, providing such niceties as master bootmakers, woodworkers, and peruke-makers (right). Near by they will see Yorktown, witness to the final act of colonial life as Cornwallis surrendered to George Washington.

The remains of Jamestown lie on marshy land where 105 English pioneers debarked from three tiny ships—the *Sarah Constant*, the *Discovery*, and the *Goodspeed*. The colonists named the river up which they sailed and the settlement they established after their monarch, James I. They built a fort, a storehouse, and cabins surrounded by a stockade as protection against Indians, who, along with famine, sickness, and fires, made the settlers' first years a period of great hardship.

Their forlorn remnant was about to return to England when

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Bleak Ascension Faces Rocket-Powered Future

"Can't miss it. Nothing else nowhere near it." That was the cheery assurance given to American pilots of World War II as they took off for lonely Ascension Island. The flyers knew they mustn't miss it, even though it is only half the size of the District of Columbia. A dot in the middle of the South Atlantic, Ascension served as a vital refuelling base for flights between Brazil and Africa. Present plans are to make it the terminus for guided missiles fired 5,000 miles away in Florida.

The engineers who hacked an airstrip out of rust colored volcanic hills were the second military force to occupy Ascension. First came the British who annexed the island in 1815 as a safeguard over exiled Napoleon, 800 miles away at St. Helena. Until 1922, British tars garrisoned "H.M.S. *Ascension*" (it rated as a sloop of war), sharing the bleak landscape with sea turtles and thousands of sooty terns, or wideawakes.

A Portuguese explorer, Joao da Nova, first spotted the island's 2,817-foot Green Mountain on Ascension Day, 1501. He did not linger—and for over three centuries the island remained an uninhabited landmark to passing vessels. Today some 170 employees of a British underwater cable station live in and around the island's little capital, Georgetown.

They tend their garden plots, and herd cattle and sheep on the high slopes of Green Mountain, whose peak is a natural oasis amid drab volcanic ash and the rubble of ancient lava. By adding food chemicals to distilled sea water, the wartime GI's managed to raise vegetables on the lowlands, but normally water is scarce on bleak Ascension, eight degrees below the equator.

References—Ascension Island appears on the Society's map of the Atlantic Ocean. *National Geographic Magazine*, Aug., 1950, "St. Helena: the Forgotten Island"; Aug., 1945, "Greens Grow for GI's on Soilless Ascension"; May, 1944, "Ascension Island, an Engineering Victory."

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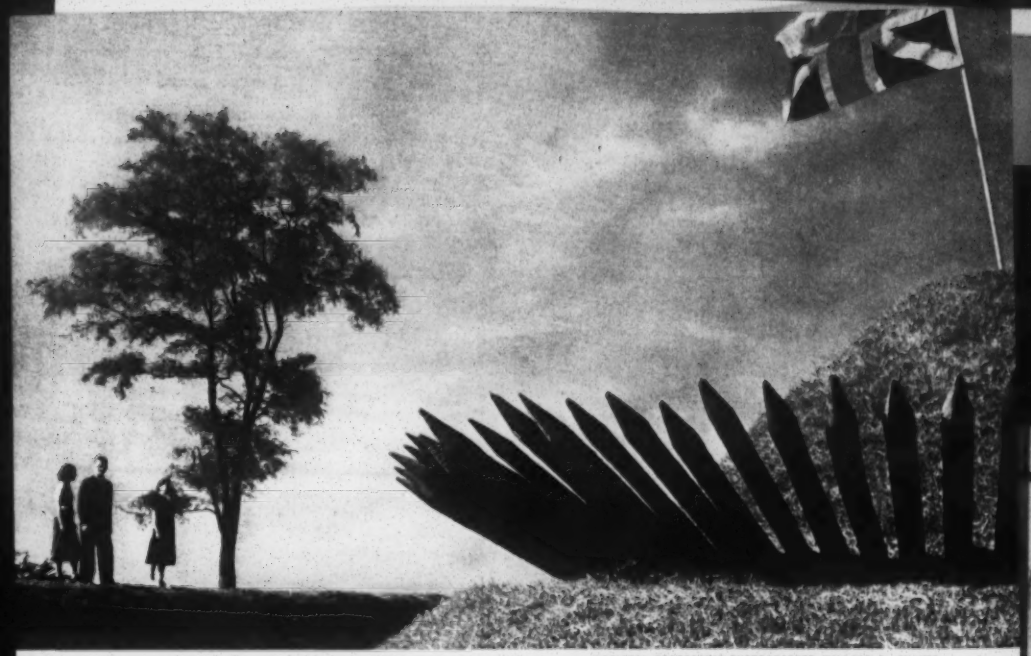
QUENTIN KEYNES



NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER WILLARD R. CULVER

Royal Welsh Fusiliers Held This Spiky Yorktown Redoubt in Face of Rochambeau's Guns

Williamsburg's heyday had been reached by 1779 when the capital moved to Richmond. When John D. Rockefeller, Jr., began restoring the town, Capitol and Governor's Palace had gone. Bruton Parish church was crumbling, the Wren Building, pride of the college and only American example of the English architect's work, was decaying. Today's authentic reproduction of old Williamsburg lures thousands of visitors every year.

At Yorktown, the colonial drama ended with Cornwallis's band playing "The World Turned Upside Down." At the time of the surrender it was a thriving tobacco port on the York River, boasting some 70 houses and a population more than a third larger than Williamsburg's.

But the battlefield is its shrine, where French and American batteries are still preserved, cannon mouths gaping toward the British redoubts.

These historic areas of Yorktown, together with parts of Williamsburg, and nearly all of Jamestown Island, form the Colonial National Historical Park decreed by Congress in 1930. A 20-mile parkway will link the three towns. Already the Williamsburg-Yorktown section is finished.

By 1957 the three colonial museum towns will be ready to take more bows than ever before. Plans are under way to invite the Queen of England and the Archbishop of Canterbury to share America's celebration of its colonial heritage. After all, America's final break with Britain happened only 174 years ago—the exact length of the colonial period.

References—Jamestown, Williamsburg, and Yorktown are shown on the National Geographic Society's map of the Southeastern United States. Write the Society, Washington 6, D. C., for a map price list. *National Geographic Magazine*, Oct., 1954, "Williamsburg: Its College and Its Cinderella City" (separate reprints available, 50¢); June, 1953, "Stately Homes of Old Virginia"; May, 1942, "Tidewater Virginia, Where History Lives"; April, 1937, "Restoration of Colonial Williamsburg" (out of print; refer to your library); GEOGRAPHIC SCHOOL BULLETINS, March 29, 1954, "Restored Communities Preserve Nation's Past." *School and library discount price for Magazine issues a year old or less, 50¢; through 1946, 65¢. Write for prices of earlier issues.*

of the time. Costumes of many religious orders mingle with flowing burnoose of the Arabs, Western garb of Americans and Europeans, and uniforms of soldiers on guard even at Eastertime in Jerusalem.

JOHN SCOFIELD, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAP

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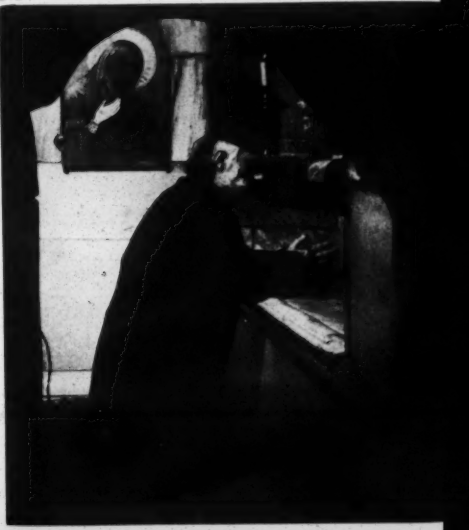
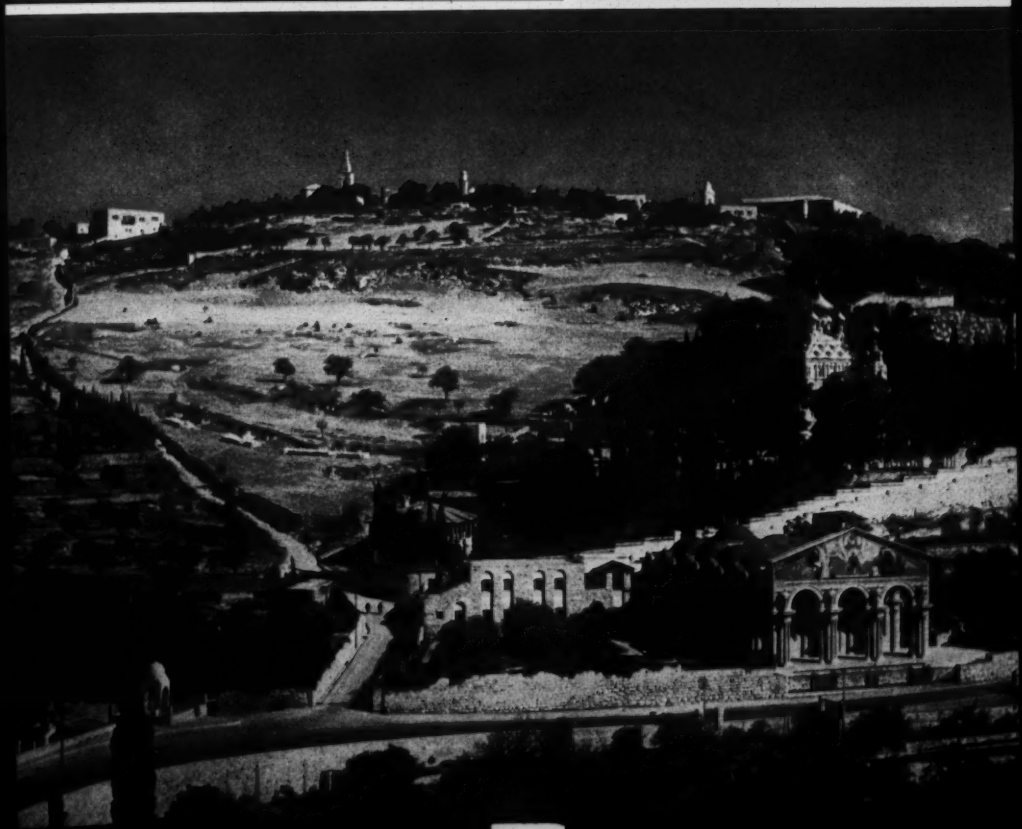




UMI

Border Patrols Make Way for Easter

Through the no man's corridor dividing Israel and Jordan, somber-garbed Franciscans pass a uniformed sentry and carry a huge cross to use in Jerusalem's Easter ceremonies. Shattered walls recall to these men of peace the Israeli-Arab fighting over the partition of Palestine. The border drawn (map, left) put Jerusalem's most sacred Christian shrines in Arab hands. However, Christians of many sects, including the Armenian priest praying at the Holy Sepulchre (below), have access to their traditional places of worship.

At the foot of the Mount of Olives (bottom) Franciscans have built a modern church in the Garden of Gethsemane where Christ prayed before the multitude seized Him. Above it stands an onion-domed Russian Orthodox church. Moslem minaret and Christian spire top the hill's crest. Holidays and holy days of the many sects which worship at the ancient city's shrines keep pageants and processions thronging the narrow streets much of the time. Costumes of many religious orders mingle with flowing burnoose of the Arabs, West-

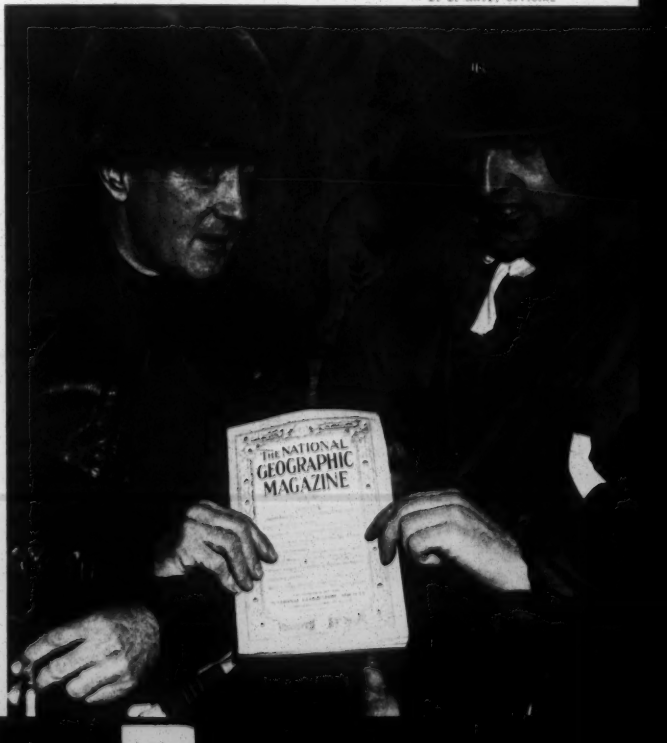
Shops, laboratories, bunkhouses, an administration building, even a library were among the structures Byrd's men threw together in deep pockets carved from the snow. Tunnels linked the various units. Electricity flowed from generators, fresh air from ventilators, heat from kerosene stoves. Here, 2,300 miles from the nearest human dwelling and 792 miles from the South Pole, bearded scientists carried out their research, read books, played cards for cigarettes. Outside temperature sagged to 72 degrees below zero. "We became a family of moles, scuttling through glistening snow tunnels with lanterns and flashlights," wrote Byrd, now a trustee of the National Geographic Society.

After fourteen months (and man's first flight over the South Pole), Byrd and his men abandoned Little America I. But on January 17, 1934, the admiral brought a new expedition (again with National Geographic Society sponsorship) to this "beautiful and eerie location." He thrilled at the sight of the 70-foot radio towers, erected four years before and now buried to half their height by the drifting, sandlike snow. Digging down to the buried buildings, the explorers snapped on a light switch and marveled at the glow that filled the silent mess hall where a slab of roast beef still stood with a fork sticking in it. The deep frozen food was delicious.

Little America II rose around and over its predecessor, making use of many old buildings. It boasted a four-plane airdrome, a dairy complete with Guernsey cows, a movie theater wired for sound. It also got a hint of things to come when a huge sheet of bay ice crumbled away producing dangerous cracks around the snow city. Hut floors heaved with the ocean's swell. Byrd commented, "We might easily have suffered the unenviable fate of being the first city to float seaward on an iceberg."

For a year Byrd's party explored uncharted reaches of the icebound Antarctic coast, and unknown scientific facts about the world's coldest continent. Plant life was found clinging to bare rocks. Vast new mountain ranges loomed before the eyes of pilots as they soared

U. S. NAVY, OFFICIAL



In 1935 Admiral Byrd left some magazines in his Little America hut. Twelve years later he and Dr. Paul Siple (right) dug into the old "city" and found the deep frozen *National Geographics* in perfect shape. Siple joined the first Byrd Expedition as a Boy Scout, became a leading Antarctic authority during succeeding trips.

Antarctic Ice Ends Epic of Little America

U. S. NAVY, OFFICIAL

Explorers Found This 1947 Campsite Chopped in Two, Then Probed Admiral Byrd Bay, Directly Across Antarctica, Another Possible Base for 1957's Big-scale Expedition

Sailors aboard the U. S. Navy icebreaker *Atka*, rolling southward towards Antarctica recently, laughed at a standing joke. Whenever an iceberg loomed into view someone shouted, "There goes Little America!"

It wasn't such a funny remark, after all. When the exploring party reached the site of Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd's history-making settlements they found only half of Little America IV, the tent city which the Navy expedition of 1947 erected (see illustration above). The rest had gone to sea on an iceberg. More important, shifting ice masses had erased the famous Bay of Whales, haven for explorers since 1911 when Roald Amundsen raced from there by dog team to set Norway's flag on the South Pole.

Without its bay, Little America is useless. The *Atka's* men looked at the remains of Admiral Byrd's four villages, crushed beneath tons of snow, twisted by grinding ice pressure, and then pushed off—to find a new base for future operations.

So ends the saga of Little America, unique snowbound home for a generation of brave men who accompanied Admiral Byrd on his epochal explorations of Antarctica.

The story starts in the final days of 1928, when Byrd's first expedition, sponsored by the National Geographic Society, reached the Bay of Whales, an inlet ten miles deep by ten miles wide, formed in the floating ice shelf smothering most of Antarctica's Ross Sea. Scrambling up the cliff wall of this ice barrier—in places 800 feet thick—Byrd and five of his men, on New Year's Day, 1929, selected a campsite on which to build a small town where 42 men would spend the four-months-long night of Antarctic winter.

Dog sleds lugged prefabricated building sections from ship to camp. Four-inch walls sandwiched insulation between building board. No nails or bolts protruded outside to conduct the cold.

U. S. NAVY, OFFICIAL

From this camp on McMurdo Sound Captain Robert F. Scott, valiant British explorer, started his ill-fated dash to the South Pole in 1911. With the Norwegian, Amundsen, Scott shares the honor of having reached the pole by land. But he and his party of four perished on the return trip. Visited by the 1947 expedition, the shack yielded usable food and matches.

ment of two vast ice masses whose constantly recurring collisions formed the Bay of Whales: "At intervals of varying length—perhaps 50 years would be a fair average—the two ice sheets come together with a force slow but inexorable. At the time of such a collision the Bay of Whales becomes nonexistent. There is only an unbroken wall of ice from 40 to 70 or 80 feet high looming over the Ross Sea."

The thunderous collision he predicted shook the silent wastes sometime in the years between 1947 and the arrival of the *Atka* this past January. The entire western shore of the Bay of Whales to a depth of 16 miles had shattered away. Floating freely, it apparently had smashed into the eastern shore, sheering off great masses of ice—and half of Little America IV. The *Atka* party could see the tops of the remaining tent poles peeking above the snow. An oil can hung halfway over the towering cliff. Six twin-engine planes, left behind in 1947, were gone.

Yet two of those first 70-foot radio masts still poked a few feet of their tops above the snow. A windmill-driven generator dating from the 1934 expedition was still idly turning when the *Atka's* party came across it. It was dismantled by the same man who, 21 years ago, had set it up.

Regretfully, the explorers took a last look at the ruins of Little America and continued reconnoitering Antarctica in preparation for the ambitious assault scheduled for International Geophysical Year, 1957-58. At that time the United States plans to establish two weather stations, one at the South Pole. Scientists will once more probe the mysteries of the largely unknown continent, correlating their discoveries with those made by countries with claims in the region. They will use new techniques, improved equipment. But vanishing Little America will remain in their minds—a symbol of the determined men whose discoveries helped pave the way.

References—Antarctica appears on the Society's World Map. *National Geographic Magazine*, Oct., 1947, "Our Navy Explores Antarctica"; July, 1939, "My Four Antarctic Expeditions"; July, 1936, "My Flight Across Antarctica"; Oct., 1935, "Exploring the Ice Age in Antarctica"; Aug., 1930, "The Conquest of Antarctica by Air"; Feb., 1912, "Amundsen's Attainment of the South Pole" (out of print; refer to your library); GEOGRAPHIC SCHOOL BULLETINS, Nov. 29, 1954, "Antarctica: Treasure Chest or Pandora's Box?" Nov. 17, 1952, "Explorers Prove There Is No Antarctic Ocean."

UMI

NEW YORK TIMES

Stamp Collectors Valued Mail from Second Little America's Post Office

through the milky void where snow and sky blend without a horizon. The contours of snow-sheathed plateaus indicated that Antarctica was one continent, not split in two as had often been supposed. Meteors flashed through the night sky at the rate of one every second. Byrd himself manned a solitary weather observatory roughly 100 miles south of Little America for six months. He almost lost his life from the poisonous fumes of his stove during the lonely vigil.

In early 1935 the expedition pulled out. When the admiral returned in January, 1940, in charge of the United States Antarctic Expedition, he found Little America had moved nearly five miles from its original position, carried by the gradual flow of the massive ice sheet in which the two-tiered city nestled. This time the radio towers were askew and less of them protruded above the snow. Many of the old buildings were crushed and twisted. As before, ice crystals of frozen condensation hung from ceilings like stalactites.

Little America III sprouted six miles north of the old site. In January, 1947, when Byrd commanded the Navy's mammoth "Operation Highjump" —an expedition of 13 ships and 4,000 men—this third settlement was found to have moved a mile and a half in six years (nearly four feet a day). The tent city that comprised Little America IV hugged the barrier about two miles north of number three. The radio towers of Little America I were now only about 18 feet high. Snow had smothered the rest. Yet within Byrd's own buried hut in the second community were twelve year-old copies of the *National Geographic Magazine*, as good as new.

Writing of the 1946-47 expedition, Byrd described the ponderous move-

© THE TIMES (LONDON)

Townsfolk Join Students to Cheer a Colorful Oxford "Bumping Race" on the Thames

Oxford Ends Town-Versus-Gown Feud

Six hundred years ago a student at England's Oxford University publicly insulted an innkeeper. In the ensuing brawl the townsfolk of Oxford and relatives from neighboring villages lined up solidly against the students of the university. Barricaded within their thick-walled halls of learning, the scholars defended themselves from raiding bands of villagers who burned and looted university buildings. Casualties soared.

Oxford's St. Scholastica's Day riots of 1354-55, marked the boiling point of "town-versus-gown" tensions that had seethed since the university gradually evolved early in the 12th century. Town jealousy had mounted at the scholars' special liberties, granted by royal charter. But the rioting brought only retribution to the townspeople. They were excommunicated, their mayor jailed, their sheriff fired. At the annual St. Scholastica's Day mass, the town fathers had to contribute a penny apiece to help poor scholars.

Political disagreements recurred as Oxford's history progressed. During England's Civil War, the university was royalist, the town was for Cromwell. In the 18th century, students wanted the Jacobite pretender restored, townspeople cheered the Hanoverian succession.

Then, gradually, both factions outgrew their feud. In 1825 the university relented and stopped the penny contribution of St. Scholastica's Day. Now the students with their bicycles and ragged gowns get along pretty well with the 107,000 residents of industrial Oxford. Only recently the mayor received the high degree of Doctor of Civil Law from the university—a sign, presumably, that after 600 years all is forgiven.

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